

## HENRY GEORGE BURIED IN GREENWOOD WITH SIMPLE SERVICES.



Two Priests, Catholic and Protestant, Officiated, and Three Brothers of the Dead Man Bore His Coffin to Its Final Resting Place, Beside the Grave of the Daughter Who Died in the Early Spring.

The simplicity of the man's life and the gentle tenderness of his nature were reflected in the brief ceremonies which attended the final laying away of Henry George's body in beautiful Greenwood Cemetery yesterday morning.

In contrast to the solemn grandeur of the public funeral of Sunday, the simple services at the home yesterday were none the less impressive. As the tremendous public demonstration, with its frequent outbursts of enthusiasm at climactic points of the orations, bespoke a nation's grief over the loss of a great patriot, philosopher and humanitarian, the tender words of loving friends and the tears and sobs of those he had loved best in life bespoke the grief of the kindred of Henry George—the grief which the death of a loving husband, father, brother brings into the humblest as well as the grandest homes.

The expressed wish of the family that they be permitted to lay away their dead in privacy was so far respected that none save those especially invited were present, either at the house or at the grave.

The home of the Georges is a pretty Colonial villa at Ninety-ninth street and the Shore road, Fort Hamilton. It is far out of the track of the world's travel, situated upon a grassy cliff overlooking the Lower Bay, the Narrows and the terraced ramparts of Fort Wadsworth.

Only a few persons were gathered in the drawing room, which was the scene of the funeral. The guests were few, and the atmosphere was one of quietude. The funeral was held in the drawing room, which was the scene of the funeral. The guests were few, and the atmosphere was one of quietude. The funeral was held in the drawing room, which was the scene of the funeral. The guests were few, and the atmosphere was one of quietude.

**FATAL CAMPAIGN SHOTS.**  
Fired During a Heated Political Debate in the Italian Quarter—One Man Killed.

The dispute began in the grocery shop of Antonio Sanpale, in Elizabeth street. Several men shouted in Italian about this candidate and that candidate, flinging their arms after the excitable manner of the people of the Latin race. The heated debate interrupted the course of trade and the shopkeeper expelled them.

The argument was resumed on the sidewalk and soon turned to personal abuse. A word of deadly insult was spoken. Then came the petulant pop of the pistol twice. Across the street staggered one of the disputants, Giuseppe Picardo, calling "Help, help!" He fell down, his head striking the sidewalk. The other man, Salvatore Demelico, the latter has been arrested. He says that Bottanarico shot Picardo. Bottanarico, known to the police as "Tippy," keeper of a cafe at No. 263 Elizabeth street, has not been arrested.

**It Never Rains but it Pours.** Yesterday's rain was a big blow to politics. The Journal's gain of 14,577 Wants last month over the same month last year is a big blow to doubting advertisers.

**Theophilus Foulke Arrested.**  
Quasi Bay, Mass., Nov. 1.—Henry B. Foulke, one of the leaders of the New Theosophical movement and who has been working with Madame Blavatsky to reorganize theosophy and spiritualism, was arrested last night. The arrest was made by officers B. A. Loring and P. K. Smith of the Massachusetts Society for the Prevention of Obscenity to Children.

The prisoner was given a hearing in the Warren District Court this afternoon. He pleaded not guilty. The case was continued until Thursday next, bail being fixed at \$2,500.

**TO CURE A COLD IN ONE DAY.**  
Take Laxative Broom Quinine Tablets. All drug stores refund the money if it fails to cure. 25c.

to the Anglican ritual. Then, standing beside the casket, in a voice vibrant with emotion, Mr. Kramer began a short address, not so much of eulogy as of tender reminiscence.

"Henry George," said the clergyman, "was a simple, kindly, yet vigorous nature. He was always a man of God; above all else, a firm believer."

"Often," he continued, "have I rambled about at night with him. That was one of George's habits—to stroll about the streets at night with an intimate friend. Prowling is the right word to use. It accurately describes the way in which he went about investigating the condition of the poor. It was during these walks about the streets at night that the most beautiful side of the man's character showed itself."

**His Faith in Religion.**  
Choked with emotion the clergyman paused for a moment. Then he continued: "I well remember one of these night walks about the streets with our friend in 1887. In that walk he unburdened his soul to me. Of the attacks of others on the faith, he said he could not regard them as other than dangerous to society. I need not tell his own saying to me. If there is nothing in religion, then is our own cause lost. All our labor is wasted. If there be no God, then we can never obtain the land for God's people, the poor."

"This is All Saints' Day," said Mr. Kramer, in the course of his simple oration, "and it is fitting that on this day we should lay to rest that latter-day saint, Henry George. His life was that of a devoted Christian saint. He has gone to his reward."

There was not a dry eye in the room when Mr. Kramer finished. Dr. McGlynn wiped away a tear as he rose to pay a last tribute to his friend and associate in the battle for humanity's advancement. "I come to mingle my tears with yours in sorrow that a noble figure has passed," he said. "We mourn him who was more to us than father, brother or husband. He was a man whom we loved with a devotion little short of idolatry—a man who had been raised up by God to touch us a little with truth. We stand at the car of a hero returned from triumphant battle rather than at the bier of the dead. He believed in God. The last paragraph in his book showed that he was an intense believer in the immortality of the soul."

**His Memory Will Live.**  
Turning to Mrs. George, Dr. McGlynn, in accents of deep feeling, said: "And to you, his dear wife—you must look through your tears and remember that the memory of your husband will live. You must also take comfort from the recollection that he did his duty."

**Girls Defeated Him.**  
The Secretary of a Cigarmakers' Union Declines to Be Driven Out of Office by a Woman Who Said He Was Cross.

There is a lively time among the members of Cigarmakers' Union No. 141 because a new secretary has been elected and the old secretary refuses to vacate the office. The old secretary, who had held the office ten years, contends he was unfairly defeated at the last election.

Secretary Vogel's trouble was brought about by his inability to retain friendship of the women, who compose a large part of the membership of the union. The women accused him of being unnecessarily gruff and impolite, and at the last election gave their support to Anton Gellack, the opposition candidate. Gellack was elected by a small majority, but Vogel questioned the regularity of the balloting, and another election was held, with the same result. Vogel still refused to acknowledge his defeat and has appealed to the National Union.

**What the Result Will Be.**  
Charles Stewart Smith—The Citizens' Union will elect its full ticket.

**PIMPLY FACES.**  
Pimples, blotches, blackheads, red, rough, oily, mothy skin, itching, scalp, dandruff, thin and falling hair and baby blemishes prevented by CUTICURA SOAP, the most effective skin purifying and beautifying soap in the world, as well as purest and sweetest for toilet, bath and nursery.

**Cuticura**  
Is sold throughout the world. POTTER & SONS, C. CORP., Sole Props., Boston. 25¢ per box to Beautify the Skin free.

all he could for humanity and for the welfare of the people, and that he has now gone to heaven.

"I came here simply to say Amen. He earned a place which he has got. Lift up your eyes and catch a glimpse of that immortality into which we hope Henry George has already entered."

The Rev. George A. Latimer, of Philadelphia, cousin to Mrs. George, also spoke a few fitting words, and with them the simple yet impressive ceremonies ended.

The people standing outside in the raw, gray fog, bared their heads reverently as the heavily draped horse backed up to the curb and the door of the colonial cottage swung slowly open. Little children, awe-struck and solemn-eyed, drew back and some of them sobbed aloud as the black casket appeared, lower-strewn, between the double line of pallbearers.

When Henry George's father lay upon his death bed he had asked that his four sons should bear his casket to its final resting place. They did so, and yesterday, in memory of that day, three of Mr. George's brothers, who had, with him, borne their father's body to the grave, did like service for him. John Vallance, George, Maurice R. George and Thomas George, with John Shoemaker and J. B. Chapman, brothers-in-law, Louis F. Post, of Cleveland, Thomas L. Johnson and Albert Johnson carried the casket to the waiting hearse, and again from the hearse to the grave, when the funeral cortege arrived at the cemetery.

Mrs. George was supported by her son Henry and the young son Richard conducted his sister Miss Anna to a carriage. The other relatives and the nearest friends followed, two by two. The route of the procession was along the shore road to Ninety-second street, to Fourth avenue, and through Fifth avenue to the entrance to the cemetery.

An old gravedigger and a younger one had prepared the last resting place of Henry George in the black hours of the early morning, while the undertaker's men had finished their final arrangements at the house.

**A Brother's Vigil.**  
Vallance George, who has been a tower of strength all through the sad hours following death, insisted on spending most of the night beside his brother's body, and his vigil was in part shared by the son, who has assumed his father's political mission.

The family were astir at an early hour, and it was said that Mrs. George had gained strength and composure with a night's rest, bore herself with great courage and dignity during the ceremonies at the house.

A pile of fresh earth, beside a brick-lined narrow grave, a profusion of flowers upon a velvet lawn which still retained the pristine green of the summer's last days, trees, whose semi-circular branches rustled with the last leaves of bright October coloring. A little knot of black-robed people gathered about a flower-strewn casket. On and away, beyond the sweep of turf-terrace and marble-flecked lawn, the waters of the mighty harbor—bright and smiling in the sunlight of Summer, cold, gray underling on this day of sorrow—that was the scene

of the funeral. The scene was a picture of sorrow and grief. The family and friends gathered around the grave, and the funeral cortege proceeded to the cemetery.

**Don't Go to Alaska**  
FOR GOLD DUST

**CASTORIA**  
The Kind You Have Always Bought, Bears the Fac-simile Signature

Some of the very best catchy music that ever came from the other side was written by Walter Slaughter, who wrote the music for "The French Maid." His music to Basil Hood's song, "I've Her Portrait Next My Heart," as sung by Helen Monty at the Herald Square, is one of the hits of the town. It appears in the Sunday Journal next week.

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**MEYER PUT ON TRIAL.**  
Policeman's Slayer Appears Indifferent While the Jury Is Being Selected.

For six hours yesterday Fritz Meyer, the slayer of Patrolman Frederick Smith, sat beside his counsel, Stephen J. O'Hare and Thomas P. Dinneen, in the Criminal Branch of the Supreme Court and listened to the examination of witnesses in an effort to get a jury which, it is expected, would be the second jury.

Meyer was not interested. Several times he fell fast asleep as his counsel and Assistant District Attorney Philip Carpenter watched over him. Only once did the murderer evince any interest in what was going on, and that was when Justice Fursman, at the close of the day's proceedings, warned the two jurors who had been selected not to talk about the merits of the case nor visit the scene of the killing.

Justice Fursman came from Troy especially to try the Meyer case at the request of District Attorney O'Leary. Emanuel Meyer, a truckman, of No. 29 Bleeker street, was accepted as the first juror.

What the Result Will Be.  
Alexander Decker, New York Painter's Union—Van Wyck will be elected Mayor.

**STOLE FOR HIS SWEETHEART.**  
And When Sherer Was Arrested She Promptly Paid His Fine.

When Herman Scherer, young grocery clerk, was arraigned in the Police Court at Mount Vernon yesterday, a story of theft carried on by him, it is alleged, to benefit his sweetheart, Miss A. L. Petersen, was brought to light. When adjudged

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**Wanamakers**  
This being Election Day our store will be closed at 12 o'clock—noon.

**JOHN WANAMAKER**  
Formerly A. T. Stewart & Co., Broadway, 4th ave., 9th and 10th sts.

**HENRY GEORGE OUR NEXT MAYOR!**  
UNION AND VICTORY.

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**Camenden & Forster**  
CARRARA MARBLE

**Figures and Busts.**  
The most elegant of Drawing Room Ornaments.

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guilty and fined \$25, the young woman showed her devotion by paying the amount and securing the release of Scherer. They left court together.

Scherer was employed by the firm of S. A. Marks, 30th Fourth avenue, and it was his employer who made the complaint against him. It was Scherer's duty to call for and deliver orders, and it was these he used to aid him in defrauding the firm. The latter noticed that receipts were falling, although the stock was disappearing at the same rate as when profits were high. An investigation was begun, which led to the arrest of Scherer.

**Magic Figures.**  
Last month the Journal gained 14,577 "Wants" over the same month last year. This is an unparalleled record for any newspaper. The Journal's gains demonstrate that there are thousands of advertisers who find Journal "Wants" profitable.

**To Women Voters**  
OF  
**Greater New York**

Thus S(ai)TH LOW, and he knows what he is talking about: "If your CROKER(y) and PLATT(ers) be polluted—turn them down—if they have TRACY(s) of impurity away with them."

The same with tea—turn down the hand rolled and use the PURE MACHINE-MADE CEYLON AND INDIA.

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